

PROBE NORTH SEA INCIDENT

International Arbiters Assembling.

Will Begin Secret Sessions at Paris on Tuesday Next.

Striking Array of Jurists, Statesmen and Tacticians Will Pass on Question.

PARIS, Dec. 17.—Great activity is manifested in official and diplomatic quarters in connection with the opening next Tuesday of the sessions of the international commission which is to inquire into the North sea incident. The meeting will bring together some of the leading naval and legal foreigners of the five foremost maritime powers.

Beside the Anglo-Russian crisis, which the appointment of the commission has averted, it is expected that the meeting will establish a number of precedents affecting naval conditions and the rights and responsibilities of belligerents and neutrals in time of war.

The British and Russian members of the commission will arrive here Monday. The French commissioner is also here. The steamer on which Admiral Davis, of the United States commission, is a passenger, is due to arrive at Dover tonight, and Admiral Davis is expected to arrive in Paris Monday. He will be met by Lieut.-Com. Smith, the American naval attaché, who will be attached to his staff.

Charters have been established at the Hotel Brighton, overlooking the Tuilleries gardens, including a private dining-room and saloon and suite of apartments. The location is convenient to the commissioners' headquarters at the foreign office on the Quai d'Orsay. The Admirals' party consists of his wife and daughter, and his aide, Ensign William F. Bricker.

Admiral Davis will be occupied Monday with calls of ceremony upon Foreign Minister Delcasse, Marine Minister Pelletan, Ambassador Porter, and the other Admirals of the commission. President Loubet will receive the commission Tuesday.

Interesting Personages to Attend.

The various delegations include a number of interesting personages. The Russian embassy said today that their party included Admiral Kamakoff, the Russian member of the commission; Lieut.-Col. Stenger, Baron Taube, the Russian judicial adviser; Capt. Clado and Lieuts. Ellis, Ott and Schremschenko.

Special interest attaches to Capt. Clado, owing to his sensational arrest for engaging in a newspaper campaign with the object of having the Black sea fleet pass the Dardanelles to reinforce Vice-Admiral Rojestvensky's squadron. Clado is considered the ablest naval tactician in Russia. He is chief of the tactical school, and was chief tactician with Rojestvensky.

The British party is made up of Rear Admiral Sir Louis A. Beaumont, Great Britain's representative on the commission; Sir Edward Fry, counsel, and Hugh O'Brien. Mr. O'Brien is well known in Washington, where formerly he was secretary of the British embassy and the crack country rider of the Chevy Chase club. Sir Edward Fry is past 70 years of age, is one of the ablest jurists of England. He will be pitted against Baron Taube, an equally eminent Russian jurist.

Admiral Fourrier, the French member of the commission, made many American friends in connection with the visit of the Rochambeau mission, of which he was a member.

Besides the main personages the witnesses may include fishermen and sailors, thus giving a truly picturesque scene to the setting.

Sessions Will Be Private.

Arrangements have been made for the opening session to take place Tuesday, December 20. Instead of the gorgeous hall of the ambassadors, as first contemplated, the commission will be installed in more convenient business quarters, on the first floor of the Palace Quai d'Orsay.

The room is a beautiful apartment in white and gold, with Louis XV. decorations, mirrors and rich frescoes. There the commission will first meet informally and privately, as the proceedings will be private until it is formally decided to make them public. Moreover, the Russian embassy was quite sure today that the sessions will remain private throughout.

It is expected that Foreign Minister Delcasse will make the address of welcome. Thereafter, the Admirals will choose a fifth Admiral, determine questions of procedure and adjourn until after the holidays.

The recess will not be marked by social functions, as the Russian embassy is in deep mourning owing to the death of the ambassador's son, and the British embassy is torn up incident to the retirement of Ambassador Monson and the succession of Sir Francis Bertie.

It is understood that the British side is practically made up. It is the understanding that Sir Edward Fry will bear the burden of presenting and proving the case, as it is assumed that English common law principle will prevail, unless the burden of proof is upon Great Britain.

However, the protocol provides that the commission can establish its own procedure, and owing to the mixed nationalities of the Admirals it is not certain whether English common law, the French civil code, or the Russian-Greek procedure will prevail.

Lucky Blunder.

Raynor—You are the only fellow I have heard of that bet money on the Re-publican. How did you know it was going to do it?

Shyne—You won't let it go any further. I'll tell you how it happened. I was at a champagne supper, and I was a little bit—er—under the influence, you know. I thought I was betting on Iowa.—Chicago Tribune.

WHY SHE GAVE HIM UP.

When the Automobile Battered One Romance Was Shattered.

"Why, you've got a new long coat!" cried the girl with the curly hair. That's two this summer!"

"Is it?" asked the maiden in the stunning gun-metal silk wrap. She was very pretty, but there was a pensive droop to her mouth and her glance wandered. "Well, that's all I did get."

"It must take a great deal to satisfy you," commented her friend, fingering the expensive stuff. "What on earth do you want?"

The girl in the gun-metal silk looked defiant. "Well," she said, "when a man's been devoted to you for a year and when he asks you to go on a long automobile trip with his mother for a chaperon and three other automobiles full of folk and breaks his neck to make things pleasant, it seems to me a girl is justified in expecting to get him. Don't you think? Instead of which—"

"Do tell me about it," begged the curly-haired girl. "It was Bob, of course."

"Who else?" acquiesced the other, gloomily. "It was to be a cross-country run up into Wisconsin. Bob's mother and a cousin and I were in his automobile and as it was the biggest, fastest machine of the lot and he was the best looking man and—"

"And no other girl could get ahead of your poncee dust coat and your special fascinating smiles," prompted the curly-haired one.

"I hope I'm not so conceited," said the gun-metal silk girl indignantly, but her cheeks pinked up accusingly. "At any rate I was satisfied with life. You've no idea how romantic it is to go spinning down a fine road as though you were flying through space with some one beside you looking unutterable things—"

"I'd like to see a man look sentimental through automobile goggles," broke in the curly-haired one meditatively. "It must be an experience to remember."

"We didn't wear goggles," said the other girl shortly. "The weather was too fine. And Bob's mother and cousin were the most considerate women I ever met. They talked scenery and Battenberg stich and didn't interrupt. The third day out the rest of the party planned to stay over in one of the lake resorts, but Bob said he'd take us on a moonlight spin to a remarkable little village twenty miles away."

"The moon had gone under when we started back, and when we came to a cross-road Bob found he had lost his road map. He was sure he remembered the turn we had made coming, though his cousin and I voted for the other road."

Bob was awfully stubborn. It grew black as pitch, and there we were, bumping along a country road, not knowing whether the next road would land us in a ditch or a barb-wire fence. His cousin and I voted for the other road. Bob was awfully stubborn. It grew black as pitch, and there we were, bumping along a country road, not knowing whether the next road would land us in a ditch or a barb-wire fence. His cousin and I voted for the other road. Bob was awfully stubborn. It grew black as pitch, and there we were, bumping along a country road, not knowing whether the next road would land us in a ditch or a barb-wire fence. His cousin and I voted for the other road.

"I was trying to decide whether I'd have a church or home wedding, when all of a sudden something blew up. The automobile did a bucking broncho act and we all tumbled out higgledy-piggledy into the road."

"I heard Bob murmur, 'Darling, are you hurt?' but it was his mother he had grabbed hold of, and she did not seem touched. She said sharply that of course she wasn't, as it was her customary way of alighting from an automobile when he drove it!"

"I couldn't take a step, for I had tumbled into a lot of burrs that had my skirt all stuck together. Then all of a sudden I began to rain. Bob's cousin suggested that he do something. He did—I think he swore. We held matches, but we couldn't find what was wrong with that hateful machine. We couldn't see a foot ahead of us and the rain was settling down into a steady pour."

"Bob started off with the rest of us in single file, holding hands so as not to get lost. Now, that may sound exciting and romantic to you, but if you had stepped up in your best silk coat, a Paris veil that cost \$10 and your patent leather shoes, to say nothing of your \$15 hat, you might find the situation slightly different. I knew it was my chance to shine before his mother as a model of sweetness in a trying situation, but every time I'd begin to gleam through the general murkiness I'd step into a rut and wrench my ankle or stumble over a bowlder, or Bob's mother, who was behind me, would tumble and drag me down with her."

"In the meantime it rained. We all dripped and sopped along and hated each other with a bitter hatred. Bob did whisper 'Dearest!' once in an agonized tone, but I snapped 'Sir!' at him, so he quit."

"Well, to make a long story short, it was 3:30 o'clock in the morning when we came to a small town, and the landlord made us stay out in the pouring rain ten minutes while he considered the case before he would let us in. He said we might be all right, but we looked like tramps. Having to stand under a glaring light looking like a drowned rat didn't make me any more amiable, either."

"I might have felt more charitable in the morning toward Bob if we hadn't all driven back to get the automobile. Then we found—we found—"

"What?"

"That there was a comfortable farm house not twenty rods back of where the machine had stopped. And we had walked nine miles through mud and water to reach the next place, where we encountered the landlord. I told Bob flatly then and there that I had decided he wasn't capable of looking out for a wife when he couldn't even manage an automobile trip, and we'd call it square. I confess I feel rather bad about it."

"But it's a lovely coat," said the curly-haired girl, comfortingly.—Chicago News.

Plea for Early Marriages.

In the first of a series of lectures on "The Evolution of Man," now being delivered at University College, London, Prof. Chalmers Mitchell referred to the modern tendency to defer the age of marriage, and said that this was physiologically undesirable. People should get over their love-making early in their history. Then, when they have become sane, they should turn to the more serious problems of improving themselves and doing the work of the world.

"There is no doubt," said Prof. Mitchell to a London Graphic interviewer, "that our statistics show that early marriages are out of fashion, except among the poor. Economic and social conditions generally prohibit most men from marrying before they reach the age of 30. To my mind this is a bad thing for the well-being of the nation."

"The social philosopher Metchnikoff has endeavored to prove that the age of maturity may be considerably prolonged and that the life of natural decay may be considerably postponed. There is no reason, he thinks, why, in the future, a man may not produce his best work up to the age of 90 or a hundred, instead of becoming senile so early as he now does. At present, however, according to our pathological knowledge, very few men are in a perfect state of health after the age of, say, 35. They have traces of gout, of anæmia, of blood troubles and the effects of smoking and drinking. It is, therefore, inadvisable that they should marry when they have reached that stage of life. It seems to me far better that they should do so when they are practically children, and get over the disturbance of love so early that they may use their full powers for the other business of life, when they are in the finest physical condition."

"We have got too much into the belief that the various states of life are fixed. But experiments with frog-like creatures and other animals show that the reproductive age may be pushed either forward or backward. I am not at all sure whether the state should not endeavor to push the marrying age of men and women forward, helping young people to marry early, if they are physically sound, by giving them a bounty on healthy children of a high standing, while handicapping, if possible, the physically unfit."

"There is no doubt," continued Prof. Mitchell, "that love absorbs a great deal of the energies of any man and woman of a good intellectual and moral standard. Biology teaches us that love has a profound influence upon the body and brain while the passion lasts. And personally I think that the 'grand passion' is essential to the highest birth supply. In that way the novels which do most to foster this psychological and physiological turmoil have a healthy influence. I do not approve of the man of 35 who, meditating over his pipe, comes to the conclusion that it is time he should marry, and calmly looks upon a wife. That is not love in the highest sense. The 'grand passion' is a fever which, as I have said, should be got over and done with in youth."

A Flower With a Hoso.

Mr. Suverkrup, a naturalist who has made many journeys in South America to enrich the Kew gardens, near London, with new plants, reports the discovery of a remarkable plant belonging to the orchid family.

The plant has a peculiarity which seems to distinguish it from any other. When it is thirsty it lowers to the water a tube from its station on the tree of which it is a parasite. When it has imbibed the needed amount of water the tube rolls up into a neat coil and takes its place again in the center of the plant.

The naturalist tells this story of his discovery:

"I was sitting one afternoon on the shore of a large lagoon in the neighborhood of the Bay de la Platte. I observed a number of leafless trees whose life had evidently been nearly absorbed by the growth of parasite plants that hung upon their trunks."

"My attention was soon directed to a flat plant of the same leafless tree, in form like spear heads, which were arranged like a sunburst around the common center. It was a plant I had never seen before."

"It was nearly as flat as a platter, except that there was a growth from the center, a sort of hollow tube of small circumference which extended several feet to the water below, the end of the tube being about four inches beneath the surface. I investigated the tube more closely and found to my surprise that it was sucking up water. I could distinctly feel the inflow as I put my finger over the mouth of the tube."

"But my astonishment was unbounded a minute later when I saw the tube begin to roll up, the process continuing until the coil thus formed and reached the middle of the plant, where it came to rest. Casual inspection would give the impression that it was a part of the growth raised a little above the general surface."

"I found a few other plants of the same kind and watched the process of quenching thirst. Every few days the tube would unroll slowly until it reached the water, and when it coiled up again the plant would be saturated and spongy to the touch. It is a remarkable provision of nature, which seems to require almost the intelligence of an animal for its operation."—New York Times.

Swallowed a Bracelet.

A Haver fisherman's wife drying cod-fish caught by her husband on the coast of France, noticed that one fish had a hard substance inside. On investigation she found in the fish a golden bracelet. How the ornament came into its strange receptacle is, of course, not known, but it is conjectured that it must have slipped over the bulwarks of a trans-Atlantic liner, and been seized by the cod on reaching the water. As the shoals of codfish have only recently left the Newfoundland banks, and are just beginning to appear in the markets of French waters, it is probable that the bracelet has traversed the Atlantic in the fish's interior. Perhaps its owner will come forward to claim it!

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